

THE
Famous HISTORY
OF

Dick WHITTINGTON.

And his CAT:

SHEWING,

How from a poor Country Boy, destitute
of Parents or Relations, he attained
great Riches, and was promoted to
the high and honourable Dignity of
LORD MAYOR of LONDON.

Whittington's Arms.

*On Whittington's Arms you may see,
Adam and Eve, and garden tree;
With Eagle Crest, Bible spread, —
Himself and Dog, the Cat made glad.*

P A L E R K :

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THE
Famous HISTORY

OF

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Dick Whittington

And His CAT.

DICK WHITTINGTON was a very little boy when his father and mother died; so little indeed, that he neither knew them, nor the place where he was born.— He strolled about the country as ragged as a colt, till he met with a Waggoner who was going to London, and who gave him leave to walk all the way by the side of his Waggon, without paying any thing for his passage; which obliged little Whittington very much, as he wanted to see London sadly; for he had heard that the streets were paved with gold, and he was willing to get a bushel of it. But, how great was his disappointment, poor boy, when he saw the streets covered with dirt

dirt instead of gold, and found himself in a strange place, without food, without friends, and without money.

Though the Waggoner was so charitable as to let him walk up by the side of his Waggon for nothing, he took care not to know him when he came to town, and the poor boy was in a little time so cold and hungry, that he wished himself in a good kitchen, and by a warm fire in the country.— In this distress he asked charity of several people, and one of them bid him, *Go work for an idle rogue* — That I will, says Whittington, with all my heart. I will work for you, if you will let me. The man, who thought this favoured of wit and impertinence, (though the poor lad intended only to shew his readiness to work) gave him a blow with a stick, which broke his head, so that the blood ran down. In this situation, and fainting for want of food, he laid himself down at the door of one Mr Fitzwarren, a merchant, where the cook saw him, and being an ill-natured hussy, ordered him to go about his business, or she would scold him. At this time Mr Fitzwarren came from the Exchange and began also to scold at the poor boy, bidding him go to work. Whittington answered, That he should be glad to work, if
any

any body would employ him; and that he should be able, if he could get some victuals to eat; but that he had had nothing for three days, and he was a poor country boy, and knew no body, and no body would employ him. He then endeavoured to get up, but was so very weak, that he fell down again: which excited so much compassion in the merchant, that he ordered the servants to take him in, and give him some meat and drink, and let him help the cook; and do any work that he had to set him about.

People are too apt to reproach those who beg, with being idle; but give themselves no concern to put them in a way of getting business to do, or considering whether they are able to do it, which is not charity. — I remember a circumstance of this sort, which Sir William Thomson told my father with tears in his eyes; and it is so affecting, that I shall never forget it.

When Sir William was in the Plantations abroad, one of his friends told him he had an indented servant whom he had just bought, that was his countryman, and a lusty man; but he is so idle, says he, that I cannot get him to work. Ay, says Sir William, let me see him. Accordingly they walked out together,

gether, and found the man sitting on a heap of stones. Upon this Sir William, after enquiring about his country, asked, why he did not go out to work? I am not able, answered the man. Not able says Sir William, I am sure you look very well; give him a few stripes. Upon this the planter struck him several times, but the poor man still kept his seat. They then left him to look over the Plantation, exclaiming against his obstinacy, all the way they went. But how surprised were they, on their return, to find the poor man fallen off the place where he had been sitting, and dead. The crueky, says Sir William, of my ordering the poor creature to be beaten, while in the agonies of death, lies always next my heart. It is what I never shall forget, and it will for ever prevent my judging rashly of people who appear in distress. How do we know what our children may come to? The LORD have mercy upon the poor, and defend them from the proud, the inconsiderate, and the avaricious.

But we return to Whittington: He would have lived happily in this worthy family, had he not been thumped about by the cross Cook, who must be always roasting or boasting; and when the spit was still, the employ-
ed.

ed her hands upon poor Whittington, till Mrs Alice, his master's daughter was informed of it, and then she took compassion on the poor boy and made the servants treat him kindly.

Besides the crossness of the Cook, Whittington had another difficulty to get over, before he could be happy.—He had, by order of his master, a flock-bed placed for him in the garret, where there were such a number of rats and mice, that they often ran over the poor boy's nose, and disturbed him in his sleep. After some time, however, a gentleman, who came to his master's house, gave Whittington a penny for brushing his shoes. This he put in his pocket, being determined to lay it out to the best advantage; and, the next day, seeing a woman in the street with a cat under her arm, he ran up to her to know the price of it.—The woman, as the cat was a good mouser, asked a great deal of money for it; but, on Whittington's telling her, he had but a penny in the world, and that he wanted a Cat sadly, she let him have it; and a fine cat she was.—This Cat Whittington concealed in the garret, for fear she should be beat by his enemy the Cook, and she killed or put away the rats and mice, so that the poor boy could now sleep as sound as a top. Soon

Soon after this, the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, called for all his servants, as his custom was, in order that each of them might venture something to try their luck; and whatever they sent, was to pay neither freight nor custom; for he thought, and thought justly, that GOD ALMIGHTY would bless him the more, for his readiness to let the poor partake of his good fortune: *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the LORD*; who will return it seventy-fold.

All the servants appeared but poor Whittington, who having neither money nor goods, could not think of sending any thing to try his luck; but his good friend Mrs Alice thinking his poverty kept him away ordered him to be called. She then offered to lay down something for him; but the merchant told his daughter, that would not do; for it must be something of his own. Upon which he (poor Whittington) said, he had nothing but a Cat, which he had bought for a penny, that was given him. Fetch thy Cat, boy, says the merchant, and send her. — Whittington brought poor puss, and delivered her to the Captain with tears in his eyes, for he said, he should now be disturbed by the rats and mice as much as ever. All the company laughed at the oddity of the adventure;

WHITTINGTON and his CAT. 9

venture; and Mrs Alice, who pitied the poor boy, gave him as much as would buy him another Cat.

While puss was beating the billows at sea, poor Whittington was severely beaten at home by his tyrant the Cook, who used him so cruelly, and made such game of him, for sending his Cat to sea, that the poor boy determined to run away from his place: and having packed up a few things he had, set out very early in the morning on All-hallows. He travelled as far as Halloway, and there sat down on a stone, now called Whittington's Stone, to consider what course he should take: but, while he was thus ruminating, Bow-bells, of which there were then only six, began to ring; and he thought their sound addressed him in this manner:

*Turn again Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.*

Lord Mayor of London, said he to himself: What would not one endure to be the Lord Mayor of London, and ride in such a fine Coach! Well, I'll go back again, and bear all the pummelling and ill usage of Cicely, rather than miss the opportunity of being Lord Mayor.—So home he went, and

happily got into the house, and about his business, before Mrs Cicely made her appearance.

Here we must stop a little, to address the children of six feet high, and among them those formidable heroes the critics, whose awful brows strike terror into the hearts of us little authors.

Be it known then, to these gentlemen, and to all the knights of the goose-quill, that we are not insensible of the precepts of Apollo, or ignorant of the laws of the drama. We know, that the unities of action, time and place, should be preserved as well in the drama of Whittington, as in those of Cæsar or Alexander; but, by your permission, Gentlemen, we must, in imitation of some of our poets, just step abroad, while you sit upon the bench, to let know what has happened to the poor Cat. However, we are going no farther than the coast of Africa, to that coast where Dido expired for the loss of his Eneas, and we shall be back with you presently.

How perilous are voyages at sea! how uncertain the winds and the waves, and how many accidents attend a naval life!

The

The ship, with the Cat on board, was long beaten about at sea; and at last, by contrary winds, driven on a part of the coast of Barbary, which was inhabited by Moors unknown to the English.

These people received our countrymen with civility; and therefore the Captain, in order to trade with them, shewed them patterns of the goods he had on board, and sent some of them to the king of the country, who was so pleased, that he sent for the the Captain and the Factor to his palace, which was about a mile from the sea. Here they were placed according to the custom of the country, on rich carpets flowered with gold and silver; and the King and Queen being seated at the upper end of the room; dinner was brought in, which consisted of many dishes: but no sooner were the dishes put down, but an amazing number of rats and mice came from all quarters, and devoured all the meat in an instant. The Factor in surprise turned round to the nobles, and asked if these vermin were not offensive? O yes! said they, very offensive; and the King would give half his treasure to be free of them: for they not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they assault him in his bed-chamber, and even in his bed, so that he is oblig-

obliged to be watched while he is sleeping, for fear of them.

The Factor jumped for joy; he remembered poor Whittington and his Cat; and told the king he had a creature on board of the ship that would dispatch all these vermin immediately. The king's heart heaved so high at the joy which this news gave him, that his turban dropped off his head!—Bring this fine useful creature to me, says he, vermin are dreadful in a court: and if she will perform what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her.

The Factor, who knew his business, took this opportunity to set forth the merits of Mrs Puss. He told his Majesty, that it would be inconvenient for him to part with her, because (when she was gone) the rats and mice might destroy the goods in his ship, but that to oblige his Majesty he would fetch her. Run, run, said the Queen, I am impatient to see the creature. Away flew the Factor, while another dinner was providing, and returned with the Cat, just as the rats and mice were devouring that also. He immediately put down Mrs Puss, who killed great part of them, and the rest ran away.

The

The king greatly rejoiced to see his old enemies destroyed by so small a creature; and the queen was highly pleased, and desired that the Cat might look at her. Upon which the Factor called, *Pussey, pussey, pussey*; and she came to him: He then presented her to the Queen, who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature, which had made such a havock among the rats and mice:— However, when the Factor stroaked the Cat, and cried, *Pussey, pussey, pussey*; the Queen also touched her, and cried, *Puttey, puttey, puttey*; for she had not learned English:— He then put her down in the Queen's lap, where she purring, played with her Majesty's hand, and then sung herself to sleep.

The King having seen the exploit of Mrs Puss; and being informed that she was with young, and would stock the whole country, bargained with the Captain and the Factor for the whole ship's cargo, and then gave them ten times as much for the Cat as all the rest amounted to. With which, after taking leave of their Majesties, and other great personages at Court, they sailed with a fair wind for England, whither we must now attend them.

The

*The morn ensuing, from the mountains height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light ;*

When Mr Fitzwarren stole from the bed of his beloved wife, to count over the cash, and settle the business of the day.

He had but just entered the counting-house, and seated himself at the desk, when somebody came Tap, tap, tap, at the door: Who's there? says Mr Fitzwarren — A friend, answered the other. — What friend can come at this unseasonable time? says Mr Fitzwarren. A real friend is never unseasonable, answered the other. — I come to bring you good news of the good ship Unicorn — The merchant bustled up in such a hurry, that he forgot his gout: he instantly opened the door, and who should be seen waiting, but the Captain and Factor, with a cabinet of jewels, and bill of lading: for which the merchant lifted up his eyes, and thanked heaven for sending him such a prosperous voyage — They then told him of the adventures of the Cat, and shewed him the cabinet of jewels, which they had brought for Mr Whittington. — Upon which he cried out with great earnestness, but not in the most poetical manner:

*Go call him, and tell him of his fame,
And call Mr Whittington by name.*

It is not our business to animadvert upon these lines; we are not critics, but historians. It is sufficient for us that they are the words of Mr Fitzwarren: and though it is beside our purpose, and perhaps not in our power to prove him a good poet, we shall soon convince the reader that he was a good man, which is a much better character: for when some, who were present, told him, That this treasure was too much for such a poor boy as Whittington, he said, *God forbid that I should deprive him of a penny; it is all his own, and he shall have it to a farthing.* He then ordered Mr Whittington in, who was at this time cleaning the kitchen, and would have excused himself from going into the parlour, saying, the room was rubbed, and his shoes were dirty and full of hobnails. The merchant, however, made him come in, and ordered a chair to be set for him. Upon which, thinking they intended to make sport of them, as had been too often the case in the kitchen, he besought his master not to mock a poor simple fellow, who intended them no harm, but to let him go about his business. The merchant, taking him by the hand, said, Indeed Mr Whittington I am in earnest with you, and sent for you to congratulate you on your great success.—Your Cat has produced you more money, than.

than I am worth in the world, and may you long enjoy it, and be happy.

At length, being shewn the treasure, and convinced by them, that all of it belonged to him, he fell upon his knees, and thanked the ALMIGHTY for his providential care of such a poor miserable creature.

He then laid all the treasure at his Master's feet, who refused to take any part of it, but told him he heartily rejoiced at his prosperity, and hoped the wealth he had acquired would be a comfort to him, and make him happy.

He then applied to his Mistress, and to his friend Mrs Alice, who likewise refused to take any part of his money, but told him, she really rejoiced at his success, and wished him all imaginable felicity.

He then gratified the Captain, Factor and ship's crew, for the care they had taken of his cargo, and distributed presents to all the servants in the house, not forgetting even his old enemy the Cook, though she little deserved it.

After this, Mr Fitzwarren then advised Mr Whittington to send for the necessary
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WHITTINGTON and his CAT.

people, and dress himself like a gentleman; and made him the offer of his house to live in, till he could provide himself better.

Now it came to pass, that when Mr Whittington's face was washed, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a rich suit of cloaths, that he turned out a genteel young fellow: and as wealth contributes much to give a man confidence, he in a little time dropped that sheepish behaviour, which was principally occasioned by a depression of spirits, and soon grew a sprightly and good companion; insomuch that Mrs Alice, who had formerly seen him with an eye of compassion, now viewed him with other eyes; which, perhaps, was occasioned by his readiness to oblige her, and by continually making her presents of such things as he thought would be most agreeable.

When the father perceived they had such good liking for each other, he proposed a match between them; to which both parties chearfully consented: and the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, Sheriffs, the Company of Stationers, and a number of eminent Merchants, attended the ceremony, and were elegantly treated at an entertainment made for that purpose.

History

History of Whittington & his Cat.

History tells us, that they lived happily, and had several children; that he was Sheriff of London in the year 1340, and then Lord Mayor; that in the last year of his Mayoralty, he entertained King Henry the Fifth, and his Queen, after his conquest of France. Upon which occasion the King, in consideration of Whittington's merit, said, Never had a Prince such a subject: Which being told to Whittington at the table, he replied, Never had a subject such a King.

He constantly fed great numbers of the poor. He built a Church and a College to it with a yearly allowance for poor scholars, and near it, erected an Hospital. He built Newgate, for criminals, and gave liberally to St Bartholomew's Hospital, and to other public charities.

REFLECTION.

This story of Whittington and his Cat, and all the misfortunes which happened to that poor boy, may be considered as a cure for despair, as it teaches us, that GOD ALMIGHTY has always something good in store for those who endure the ills that befall them with patience and resignation.

MAXIMS



Maxims of Wisdom

FOR

Gaining WEALTH.

The POWER of GOLD.

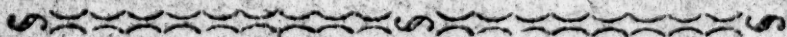
O The sacred power of gold ! How many unequal matches dost thou make here on earth ! Let a man have no more brains than a butterfly, no more sense than an ass, no better breeding than a sow, and equal in condition to the greatest brute in nature, yet, having store of money, *he is the man.* — Be a Woman discreet, wise, affable, modest, &c in a word, be she industrious as the ant, or chaste as the dove ; fair as the lily, and endued with all the good qualities of mind and body, the cry still runs, *But has she money ?*
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MAXIMS of WISDOM

In short, it is money that sells all, money buys all, money pays all, money makes all, money mends all, and money mars all.

If you are proffered a Wife with only one of these three properties, viz. beauty, wit, wealth; choose the last; for these three are compared to a Walnut: Beauty is like the rind, quickly peeled off; Wit like the shell, quickly cracked; but wealth, like the kernel, brings substance with it; and therefore to be preferred to the other two.

*Be this a Woman's fame! with this imbliss,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
Since gold is sent, to keep the fools in play,
For some to keep, and some to throw away.*



The ADVANTAGES of INDUSTRY.

NO man can be happy in idleness: He that should be condemned to lie torpid and motionless, “ would fly for recreation “ (says South) to the mines and gallies:” And it is well when nature or fortune find employment for those, who would not have known how to procure it for themselves.

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He whose mind is engaged by the acquisition or improvement of a fortune, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to those who live lazily on the toils of others: for life affords no higher pleasure, than that of formounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes, and seeing them gratified.

He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving towards a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit; for, to strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity; the next is to strive, and deserve to conquer.

I stopt my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain clean old man, with white locks, " Pray, father Abraham, what
" think you of the times?— Won't these
" heavy taxes quite ruin the country?—
" How

“How shall we be ever able to pay them?”

“What would you advise us to?”——

Father Abraham stood up and replied, —
“If you’d have my advice, I’ll give it you in short; for a word to the Wise is enough, and many words won’t fill a bushel.” They joined in desiring him to speak his mind; and gathering round him he proceeded as follows.

Friend, says he, and neighbours, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; God helps them that help themselves.

It would be thought a hard Government that should tax a people the one tenth part of their time to be employed in its service. But idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent
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in idle employments, or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright. But dost thou love life? then do not squander time; for that's the stuff life is made of. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time-enough, always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy. He that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night. When laziness travels slowly, poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not it drive thee. Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, Wealthy and Wise.

So, What signifies Wishing and Hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish: and he that lives upon Hope, will die fast-

fasting. There are no gains without pains: then help hands, for I have no lands: or if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour. But then the trade must be Worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve. At the Working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts while despair encreaseth them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any relation left you a legacy; Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep. Work while it is called to-day for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Have you somewhat to do to-morrow, do it to-day. If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that your good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master, be ashamed to catch yourself idle; for by industry, it is possible for you to gain an estate: and by indolence you may lose one. There are few who get wealth by a Cat, like Dick Whittington.

F I N I S.



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